

Champs-Élysées, then to the Opera. No very noteworthy encounter. The air is dusty and full of flames. On the avenue de l'Opéra (which the King is to descend on his way back to the Palace of Foreign Affairs after the gala performance) the crowd becomes thicker and thicker. Finally, with my heart in my mouth, I get away and by a circuitous route reach the Place du Théâtre-Français. Here the crowd is not so thick. It is almost midnight. People come out of the Théâtre-Français. The procession cannot be very slow in coming. I climb up on one of the columns of the theater portico and wait among a group of children. From that spot I heard the bomb very clearly; it made less noise than people said. Several persons near me insisted that it was a firecracker. I thought it was a revolver-shot. Again I noticed in me that disinclination to *take the event seriously*. I was highly amused, and even fear of the crowd, which hardly left me a minute, kept all my senses keyed up and made my heart beat joyfully. The next day the papers spoke of an "indescribable tumult" following the report. But I was struck by the complete immobility that followed the detonation. The crowd, for about four minutes, remained as if rooted to the spot with stupor. Then there was a wonderful wave stirred up by a movement of the police. A little later a charge of the mounted police filled me with fear, horror, and a sort of wild enthusiasm. Yet I was completely master of myself, merely embarrassed by the tears that rose to my eyes. But impossible to *take seriously* what I saw; it didn't seem to be real life. As soon as the act was over, the actors would come back and take a bow.

Friday, 2 June

Gerard's intrigue gets on my nerves. I notice, besides, how much my potential of sympathy decreases. Right now, most of the time, when I show sympathy, it is merely to continue a gesture that I unwisely began, but with a secret revolt against myself, and often

with a distinct
irritation against the object of my sympathy.

Saturday

As soon as I get up, my appointment with Gerard makes me furious. I get there late and fuming. The first thing I do is to cancel the automobile that he hired the day before. At least this returns no less than seventy francs to his pocket. His adventure has no other interest than the fact that it is happening to him.

la the bottom of the glass, after one had drunk, there remained a sort of thick and almost buttery cream that the straws would not suck up. My thirst and greediness overcame my disgust; but for a long time afterward my stomach felt heavy and my tongue as if coated with it. I